

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 16, 1862.

NUMBER 40.

To Consumptives.

THE advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used [free of charge] with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings county, N. Y., October 1, '62—3m.

THE confidence and experience of a sufferer—Published as a warning, and for the especial benefit of Young Men, and those who suffer with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, &c., by one who has cured himself by simple means, after being put to great expense and inconvenience, through the use of worthless medicines prescribed by learned Doctors. Single copies may be had of the author, C. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, by enclosing a post-paid address envelope. Address—

CHAS. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y., Oct 21, '62—2m.

A CARD to young Ladies and Gentle men. The subscriber will send [free of charge] to all who desire it, the Receipt and directions for making a simple Vegetable Balm, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, Sallowness and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. Those desiring the Receipt, with full instructions thereon, and advice, will please call on or address [with return postage.]

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Practical Chemist, 831 Broadway, New York, May 21 '62—2m.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Frankin Longenberger deceased. LETTERS of administration on the estate of Frankin Longenberger, late of Columbia county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county, to Wm. K. Longenberger, of Beaver township, Co. of C. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent, will present them to the administrator for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will be requested to make payment immediately to the undersigned.

Wm. K. LONGENBERGER, Adm'r. Beaver twp., July 9, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of ALEM MARR, DEC'D. Letters of administration on the estate of Alem Marr, late of Scott twp., Columbia county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county to Peter Ent, residing in Light Street, township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent are requested to present them duly authenticated to the administrator for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will make payment forthwith to

PETER ENT, adm'r. Scott, May 28th, 1862.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

THE undersigned, respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has opened

A New Barber Shop.

In Court House Alley, next door below the office of the Columbia Democrat, where he will be happy to wait upon all customers, and from long experience and strict attention to business, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage. All things here done in decency and in order.

READING RAIL ROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT Trunk line from the North and North-west for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia New York, Reading, Pottsville, and all intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M. and 1.40 P. M. New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 1.25 A. M. arriving at New York at 8.25 the same morning.

Fares from Harrisburg to New York \$3.00, to Philadelphia \$3.25 and \$2.70. Baggage checked through.

Returning leave New York at 6 A. M. 12 Noon, and 9 P. M. (Pittsburgh Express) Leave Philadelphia at 8 A. M. and 3.15 P. M.

Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburgh without charge.

Passengers by the Cattawissa Rail Road leave Port Clinton at 8.45 A. M. for Philadelphia and all intermediate Stations, and at 3.00 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 9 A. M. and 2.15 P. M. for Philadelphia and New York, and at 5.30 P. M. for Auburn and Port Clinton only, connecting with the Port Clinton and the Callers Rail Road.

An accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6 A. M. and returns from Philadelphia at 5 P. M.

All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M. and Philadelphia at 2.15 P. M. Commutation, Mileage, Season, and Excursion Tickets, at reduced rates to and from all points.

G. A. NICOLIS, General Superintendent. June 4th, 1862.

JEWELRY.—Two Patent Lever (Thirteen Jewels) Watches, will be sold cheap for cash. They are in good condition. For further particulars, inquire at the Star, Office.

Bloomsburg, Jan. 29, 1863.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

Wm. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discount permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,

And the longest walk is ended;

One step and then another,

And the largest rent is mended;

One brick upon another,

And the highest wall is made;

One flake upon another,

And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,

By their slow but constant motion,

Have built up the islands

In the distant dark-blue ocean;

And the noblest undertakings

Man's wisdom hath conceived

By oft repeated efforts

Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened

O'er the work you have to do,

And that such a mighty task

You never can get through;

But just endeavor day by day

Another point to gain,

And soon the mountain which you feared

Will prove to be a plain,

"Rome was not built in a day,"

The ancient proverb teaches;

And Nature by her trees and flowers,

The same sweet sermon preaches.

Think not of far off duties,

But of duties which are near;

And having once begun a work,

Resolve to persevere.

PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE.

Scarcely a man in the country took its misfortune more at heart than Inertius Meekleg did—when came the President's order for drafting. Mr. Meekleg was never a man of war or warlike words, but he prided himself upon being a native-born American citizen and (in times of peace, at least) seemed grateful to the country in which he had a rich father, and a fat inheritance of more than a hundred thousand dollars. This had given him a good start in some mercantile business, and had increased itself, notwithstanding his lack of energy.

At the age of forty, he found himself in the year 1862, possessed of a plump and patriotic wife and two grown up spirited daughters, Allegra, and Penelope, and a hundred and forty thousand dollars worth of property. He approved of the war liked every energetic movement, and favored the idea of the first call for three hundred thousand volunteers.

But he steadily declined to go himself, notwithstanding the fact that his wife and daughters urged him to do so, and that he did not live on the happiest terms with Mrs. Meekleg, who was often provoked at him, because he had not more of what is called "backbone." And when the alarm about the draft commenced, and people liable to be drawn found they could not desert the country at will, the condition of things, to use a vulgar phrase, "knocked him." Never before to him had the Union seemed to be on the eve of dissolution. He talked much with his wife and daughters about it, and they, divining and secretly laughing at his fears, advised him as to his patriotic duty more strongly than ever, not really imagining there was any probability of his being drafted.

Still he declined and dismay made a favorite cushion of his fat face. The evil days had now drawn nigh, when he could truly say he had no pleasure in them. He found no person to give him the least encouragement to stay out of the army, and he could not honestly make a plea of necessity for so doing.

This was an unpleasant predicament for a man who had always felt independent and lived at his ease. The idea of his being obliged to give up the comforts of home and go and be a soldier, suffer privations, and get shot! The idea! He, a rich man! Yet how on earth could he help it, should he be a victim of the coming draft? A paragraph in a paper suggested the expedient of a physician's certificate of exemption; and Inertius Meekleg sent hastily for Dr. Roldo Proch.

Dr. Proch was the family physician, though he had not physicked them so much as he would have liked to. They were healthy. He was a man who had a reasonable fondness for fat fees from the wealthy and his fondness had been so far gratified that now, at the age of fifty, he was tolerably well to do. He was a man who had an unflinching partiality for shiny black broadcloth, a high dickey and a white cravat, a heavy gold chain and seals, and a black satin vest. He shaved his shrewd face all over, except the heavy eyebrows. He was a stocky man of two hundred, and there was good stock in him, for he was a patriot, and would have physicked the whole Southern Confederacy for nothing, if they would have followed his prescriptions.

"Sick, I see said the doctor, much pleased at the uneasy expression of Meekleg's face, "where do you feel pain?"

"Doctor what are your politics? I for-

get."

"I believe in routing the rebels everywhere, and consenting to peace only when they howl for the Union, pay the whole expenses of the war and hang Jeff Davis."

"Of course, then you are a patriot, and have given up party politics. That's clever. But what do you think of a draft?"

"Perfectly proper, sir; perfectly proper. The sooner it is put in force the better. I hate all lingering diseases and timid surgeons. I want able bodied men to go who can. I think seriously of going myself soon at any rate."

"Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"I mean—to escape?"

"If you are drafted?"

"Yes."

"No?"

"Why?"

"Because you are sound, and of the right age. Of course you, will be glad to go in the present emergency, if drafted. Hey?"

"Could a man—I wish to be plain with you, doctor—could a—could a rich man escape with a certificate?"

"From me he could," replied the doctor, decisively, drawing himself proudly, and at once understanding the object of his question. "But I should hesitate to give one, unless for strong reasons—very strong," added he, with especial emphasis.

"He means money," thought Meekleg—"He means a heavy bribe. I'll go a thousand dollars, if I am forced to it." And then said he, "Dr. Proch, you are our family Physician. You know that I am rather rich—worth about a hundred and forty thousand dollars."

"Don't doubt it."

"A man in comfortable circumstances is seldom in a hurry to change them for un comfortable ones."

"Ahem. Very likely."

"I am a married man, doctor. I have a wife of my bosom." And Meekleg sighed.

"I believe you don't set horses very well with her. You have told me as much," replied the doctor, pretending to misunderstand the sigh. "Family quarrels are enough to make any one wish to enlist."

"I have two beloved daughters who prize a father's love."

"They are both eminently marriageable, and no doubt have good beaux," said the doctor, brusquely, and that should make you thankful in case you have determined to go."

"I have been an industrious merchant—have acquired wealth by hard labor."

"A man ought always to be grateful to the country which has given him fortune," said Proch.

"You don't exactly understand my drift, doctor. I want to enjoy my fortune. The lives of poor men are not of so much account to them as the lives of the rich are to them. A rich man dying makes a greater sacrifice; don't you see? I am reluctant to give up all and go to the battle field, not solely on account of the sacrifice I should thus be compelled to make, but also because I could do much more good to my beloved country by staying at home. In the paths of peace, doctor, I shall have far greater influences—if I live to exert them—for my good to my fellow citizens. For instance now, consider what an amount of good I could do with my riches, in taking care of poor sick and crippled soldiers, and their desolate families at home, which I could not do if I should go from home and get killed."

"Scarcely," returned Proch, dryly.

"Then again, I could exert a whole some influence in making speeches to encourage on the war and promote enlistments. I could be useful on war committees. I could fill important civil offices in support of the Government. In any such capacities I should render much greater service to the country than if I went as a soldier, for I could never be any thing but a common soldier as I was never even a militia man, and never had the least particle of military taste, knowledge or ambition. Then again—and I have abundance of reasons, doctor, if you had time to hear them—then again where was I? O, I think besides all this, that the three hundred thousand extra volunteers already obtained will be found amply sufficient to conquer the rebels, without my being drafted."

"They may, or they may not," sturdily replied the seemingly unimpressible doctor.

"But what have I to do with it?"

"I merely offered these opinions in self defense," said Meekleg humbly.

"There may be some logic in all this as you say," returned Proch, not unwilling to precipitate the argument to the desired point. "But what is it you would suggest? Please to say something tangible Mr. Meekleg."

"Well, then, the long and short of it all is, that I don't wish to be drafted; and I wish for a proper consideration, to obtain a medical exemption certificate from you."

"Of course I shall be happy to oblige you if I can do so, conscientiously, and you understand it must be confidentially also, you understand."

"Perfectly."

"The suspicion of a bribe might invalidate the certificate, and endanger me into the bargain. Moreover, strong Union men as I am, I feel some scruples in assisting any one, even a wealthy friend like you, to evade the draft, unless upon something more than an ordinary pretext. Whatever good, greater or less, you might do the country by staying at home, is not for me

to argue or gainsay. My certificate, of course, must be based upon absolute physical disability, and—"

"I shall amply satisfy you doctor, I shall amply satisfy you," interrupted Meekleg, earnestly, and, as if by accident, giving his pocket a significant slap. "I would rather give a thousand dollars—I will give a note for a thousand dollars payable at sight—than to be drafted. One sacrifice I can afford, and the other I don't feel able to make!"

"Then please to state your precise bodily ailments—for they will be your only hope—and I will furnish you with the best certificate I can give—always depending on this being confidential."

"On my honor, doctor, my honor," exclaimed Meekleg, with intense sincerity, and forthwith he commenced an enumeration of his complaints.

"[O war! what an unhealthy country thou hast made.]

"In the first place, doctor—and I wish you would make a memorandum of what I say as I proceed—I am troubled with disease of the heart."

"Diseases of the Heart often produce death," said Dr. Proch solemnly.

"Then my liver is very unsound. I am inclined to be bilious and gloomy, and once I had the jaundice."

"That's bad—I mean good. Go on."

"What a palpitation of the heart and liver complaint. I have often had serious thoughts of death, and have made, actually, no less than six wills, so as not to be taken off by surprise. More than this I easily get a cold on the lungs, and a sore throat. I am very sensitive to both heat and cold—I sprained my right ankle ten years ago, and too much walking pains me there sometimes. I feel, doctor, honestly, that if I were to be a soldier, I should not be able to stand it long. I should be sure to be sent to the hospital, and should there be of more harm than benefit to the service, even if I did not die a miserable death—Now I appeal to you if such a man ought to be drafted? Do you consider such a man sound?"

"I do not," said Proch, shaking his head. "I know you are not sound. Such a curious complication of disorders shows an unhealthy system. I should think, if I give you the best certificate I can, on that, it ought to prevail. Is there anything more to add before I write it? Any other part affected?"

"Nothing that I can think of just now, only that my teeth are getting bad, and I might be subject to the toothache."

"Very well." And the doctor commenced writing the certificate, while Meekleg filled out a check for a thousand dollars, with an expression of much relief in his face.

"Here is one thing more, doctor, which in policy, ought to remove all obstacles to my going abroad. I have friends in Europe, who, if I could visit them, would exercise a favorable influence with foreign powers in behalf of this country. That ought to have some weight, and beside that, now I think of it, I am interested in the success of a certain imported invention, now being perfected by a friend of mine in Europe—I cannot go on without aid from me. I want to help him to get it patented in this country exclusively, so that we may reap the sole advantage of it. I am not at liberty to say precisely what it is, but it is a formidable weapon of war, and I want to go and hurry it up."

"If all else fails that may serve you," replied Dr. Proch, handing the certificate which he had already sealed, and receiving the check in return. "But I think that this document regarding the state of your health will be considered enough to exempt you from being drafted, by any reasonable man."

"You have sealed it?"

"I have. But I have written it in Latin, and you could not read it. In Latin or in any other tongue, now. My other patients are awaiting me."

After the doctor's hasty departure, Mr. Meekleg felt obliged to know what the certificate set forth, and his eldest daughter, Allegra, was tolerably proficient in Latin, he called upon her to translate it, broke the envelope, and found that it ran, in substance, something as follows:

"This is to certify that the bearer Inertius Meekleg, Esq., forty years of age, wife and two children, is, far as I can ascertain, afflicted with a complication of physical and mental disorders which unfit him to be a soldier. They amount not merely to general debility but to almost utter insignificance. Disease of the heart most prominent—a most dangerous thing in a soldier. I should say, on my reputation as a physician of twenty-five years standing that the more of such soldiers Uncle Sam should have, the worse off he would be.

"Poorch, M. D."

"This is a very curious certificate, it seems to me," said Meekleg, as his daughter handed it back with a smile—he could not tell whether of derision or satisfaction. "Are you sure you have translated it right?"

"Yes, father," said Allegra. "And I should think it would answer every purpose."

"Very likely. The doctor is rather eccentric, but then as you say, it is brief and to the point. I guess it's all right."

What a load from off his mind, Meekleg now for a few days, could read the morning papers at breakfast with comparative calmness, until one day his eyes happened to fall on a paragraph which stated that the governor was to appoint special surgeons to make examinations in cases of claims for

exemptions on account of physical disability.

"The devil!" cried he, and at once sent for the doctor. "Then if I am to pass official inspection, what's the good of my certificate? Both the Dr and I have made a great mistake here."

But the learned and patriotic Dr. Proch, was not forthcoming. Meekleg soon found on inquiry, that the enthusiastic and physician had already gone off to join the army, and had turned over the thousand dollar check to the relief committee for the benefit of disabled soldiers and their families.

Meekleg felt extremely vexed and foolish at first, but he kept his own counsel; and he did not begrudge the service he had rendered when he now ascertained that a little more money would enable him to escape the draft by purchasing a competent substitute. Relieved from his grand agony, he tore up the certificate, and had concluded to be liberal with his money, if no other prospect on behalf of the country which has prospered and protected him.

Grades of Villainy.

The man that will take a newspaper for a length of time, and then send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, then stomp the dog for being blind.—Exchange.

He would do worse than that. He'd marry a girl on trial, and send her back at the end of the honeymoon with the words "Don't suit" chalked on her back.—Iron City.

He would do worse than that. He would steal the chalk to write it with, and afterwards he would use it on his shirt, to save the expense of washing, and then sue his wife's father for a month's boarding.—Advertiser.

Worse yet. He'd chase a sick rat ten miles over a corduroy road and institute a post mortem examination after he had caught him, in order to recover a stolen grain of corn.—Morgan Star.

We endorse every word of the above.—He would steal the rotten eggs from a blind pig, and steal all the winter meat from an editor.—Head.

All to mid. He would go and join the Southern Confederacy, which is about the lowest depth of meanness a man can reach.—N. J. Leader.

That don't fit the case at all. He'd smuggle himself through to Heaven by a roundabout road, bribe St. Peter with a hog's fat, and then, after he had got in would steal paving stones from the streets and trade them off for half penny stumps of cigars.—Morgan Co Gazette.

Stronger yet. He would sponge a living from the hard earnings of his poor old father until the old gentleman is unable to work and then let him die in the poor house, and afterwards sell his remains to the medical students for anatomical purposes.—Bifstion Age.

He would be as mean as the man who chased his poor old blind mother for stopping in his door way to beg for bread, and who gave his only child a penny for going to bed supperless, and the next morning charged him a penny for his breakfast.—Torchlight.

Worse yet. He would steal the pennies from the eyes of his dead grandmother, and then curse her because they were not quarters.—Exchange.

Yes, he'd feed his children on bread and water, tickle them in the throat with a feather till they threw it up, and then put away carefully for another meal.—Red Bluff Beacon.

Worse than that. He would steal eggs and "suck 'em" and then put them under a setting hen and curse her because she did not hatch full fledged chickens.—Sonora, County, California) Journal.

Gentlemen, you may as well give it up. The English language does not contain words sufficiently forcible out of which to frame a sentence to express the utter meanness of that man who "takes a newspaper for a length of time, and then sends it back 'refused' and unpaid for." So then, save your wits for something that has a soul, something that is not both an outrage and disgrace to humanity.—Wellesjill Patriot.

He would throw a soldier's wife and family out of a rented shanty and "have their heads and sell their hair to a wig maker to pay the rent.—Holmes County Farmer.

Worse yet. He would chase a broken legged mosquito across a ten mile swamp for its "gut fat"—and then curse his maker because he could not suck nourishment from its tail, and thus save the ordinary expenses of life.—Bellefonte Watchman.

The following, working out by a blue-eyed angel, is given as the arithmetic of love:

"After introduction, 4 compliments make 1 blush; 8 blushes make one tender look; 4 tender looks make 1 ramble by moonlight; 2 rambles make 1 proposal; 2 proposals (1 to pa) make 1 wedding."

Dobbs says he would have died of the cholera last summer, if it had not been for one thing—

"The doctors gave me up!"

Two days afterwards, he says, he was a well man, indulging in siccotash.

"Jeems, my lad keep away from the gals. You see one coming dodge. Just such a young critter as that young 'un clearing the door step on 'other side of the street, fooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in California hunting dimes, my son."

From the Journal of Commerce.

The Black Race

The history of the world is recorded on the globe in the works of men, from generation to generation, and age to age. We gather these histories in books, and so trace the successive periods of civilization and barbarism, the rise and fall of nations, the occupation of countries in alternate centuries by the arts and sciences, or by the wild beasts and the water fowl.

But in recording the progress of the human race, it is a melancholy fact that one large portion of the race has no part in the history of that progress, has no history of advancing civilization for itself.

We trace the existence of the black race, as a distinct people, to a very early period. Some persons imagine that the ancient Egyptians were negroes. This notion has gained ground from the persistent falsification of history by Abolitionists. We know more of the ancient Egyptians, in regard to form and feature, than any other ancient people, from the thousands of contemporary paintings which remain on their monuments.

The negro is found on the ancient Egyptian monuments, but always as a slave.—The Egyptian is a very different personage. We learn from these monuments that so long ago as the period of Rameses II., and perhaps much earlier, nearly or quite B. C. 1500, the negro race was found as a distinct type, wholly differing from the white race, having the dark complexion, thick lips, and woolly head as now, and then as now appearing among the other races only as a servant. No record in Egypt assigns the black man any higher position than this, nor is he ever represented even among the upper servants, who appear to have been admitted to confidential relations with their masters.

At this period, therefore, it is evident that at least some parts of Africa were in the occupation of the negro race, and from this time we may commence a view of the history of the two races, down to the present date. How widely different the history!—In Africa itself, the one race building the gorgeous works of Egyptian splendor, elaborating a civilization whose relics remain to this day for the astonishment of man, the other race relapsing, even on the upper waters of the same great river, into a low barbarism out of which they have never emerged.

The white race in every part of the world advanced in all that we call refinement and civilization. One who desires to trace this advance might do well by studying the history of language, the invention of the alphabet and written language in general, the improvements in papyrus, parchment and paper, the new forms of letters, and finally the printing press and modern books and newspapers. But a sweeping glance over the world will suffice to show what we mean.

In Asia the remains of ancient glory abundantly show the works of various branches of the Caucasian race. In Europe, we have the highest evidences of their early and